Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page, All haile the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe
Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne-beamed eyes,
With your Sunne-beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy.

Boy. Shee ſayes you haue it, a
Kin. Say to her we haue mea
To tread a Meaſure with you on
Boy. They ſay that they haue
To tread a Meaſure with you on
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſ
The meaſure then of one is eaſie
Boy. If to come hither you ha
And many miles: the Princeſſe
How many inches doth fill vp o
Ber. Tell her we meaſure the
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſtep
Of many weary miles you haue
Are numbred in the trauell of o
Bero. We number nothing t
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine
That we (like ſauages) may wor
Roſa. My face is but a Moo
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to
Vouchſafe bright moone, and
(Thoſe clouds remoued) vpon
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, be
Thou now requeſts but Moone
Kin. Then in our meaſure,
Thou bid'ſt me begge, this beg
Roſa. Play muſicke then, n
Not yet no dance: thus change
Kin. Will you not dance? H
Roſa. You tooke the Moone
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moo
Roſa. The muſicke playes
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhoul
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers
Wee'll not be nice, take hands

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCO